vovember Joe

A Sherlock Holmes of the Wilderness

By Hesketh Prichard

Agricultated of Principling Chapters.

Large Gentle, a Canadian institute and and the Canadian stay in the house just over to-day I wouldn't wonder but it might be quite the National surface of the late to the best granted and the control of detection has but in his being returned by the control of the property of the late of the control of the cont

CHAPTER X.

"What do you think of it, Ben? You have some exof these squatters up here. pred bitterly. "And now I says this Petersham glanced from me to you, Mr. Petersham, and I can't Linds. "If your headadbe is bad, you ded to stay on here at this place, antd. u must pay."

Myou don't want Miss Petersham and whispered: or killed."

"That's how I read it. What else ry all your life."

"No: L sin't discovered nothing, but if you stay in the way I ask may-be I shall." Joe took up his hat. "Where are you going, November?"

Over to Seniis Lake, Mr. Quarten. Will you see Ben Puttick and tell him I won't be back till lateish, and will he cook the potatoes and the cornhour cakes, if I don't get back to time? Miss Linda, will you please tell every one, even your father, that you have a mighty painful head and the course staying in? "Yes, Joe," said Linds.

CHAPTER XI. The Man in the Black Hat. FTER Joe's departure I took

my rod and went down to the brook, where I fished throughout the morning. The rise, however, was poor, so I returned to the house, and after lunch I took a book and sat with it in the veranda, where I was joined in due course by Linda and

The Men of the Mountains. in the place to-day," remarked Petwere ellent for a moment, ersham.

sweet?" said Linda. "Joe cut them to give me shade." She pointed to a row of tall caplings propped against the rail of the veranda, so as to form a close screen. "Joe always thinks of things for people." , ebe added.

of day nothing stronger. If you're had better lie down in the house," he

where I was. As soon as she had What? What? Go on!? . . gone in. Petersham stepped up to me

"To give her shade" he repeated. I looked round and nodded. "There is always shade here," he ld be mean? He said you'd be went'on. "The sun can't get in through the pines on this side; the wood is

th. You don't think it possible?" the close-grown jumpers that stood in that turned to me.

think that Linda runs a very lings against the rail for some other runs exterior.



THESKETH PRICHARD

"His? Whose?"
"Him that shot at me."
"Did you shoot back?"
"Sure: he's above there."
"Where?"

lug great aisles far more spiendid than in any man-built cathedral.

All these things I saw as in a delay: it's apt to be dangerous. I delay: it's apt to be dangerous. I delay: it's apt to be dangerous. I travelled along, keeping as good a Linda, will you please to go away? "No, Joe! Do you think I'm fright-across to the camp where Bill Worke path here rose and fell in a series of short steep inclines. I labored up these little hills and ran down the slopes. Suddenly I came to a turn and was about to rush down a sharp dip when a voice, seemingly at my side, said:

"That you, Mr. Quaritch?"

a bit to make Mr. Petersham pay up, the table and held it pointed at Puttick's breast.

"He's mad," screamed Puttick.

"The is hands, Mr. Quaritch. Miss Linda, will you please to go away?"

No, Joe! Do you think I'm fright-across to the camp where Bill Worke dropped a brooch there?—I had a looking on."

"Search for it, but I didn't find it without a word she turned and to find—a lot of tracks—men's "Puttick's going to confess, Mr. Petersham," went on November.

"Them that fixes blackmail don't like "He's mad," screamed Puttick.

"The bis hands, Mr. Quaritch. Miss Linda, will you please to go away?"

"No, Joe! Do you think I'm fright-across to the camp where Bill Worke dropped a brooch there?—I had a looking on."

"Who had been there since Satur-day."

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"No oven that story you invented

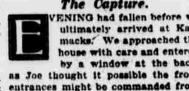
"The builted didn't strike me, but as I was in a wonderful poor place for cover—just three or four spruces and half a dozen sticks of wild raspberry.

—I went down, pretending I'd got the builtet, pitched over the way a man does that's got it high up. and I took care to get the biggest spruce trunk between me and where I think the shots come from.

"Sometimes, if you go down like that, a man'll get rattled-like and come out, but not this one. Guess I'm not the first he's put a bit of lead into. He lay still and fired again—not the first he's put a bit of lead into. He lay still and fired again—to me in the shoulder that time, and I gave a kick and shoved in among the raspberry canes in good earnest; had some of them whitey buds in my mouth and was chewing of them when the felia shoots twice more both misses. Then he kind o' paused.

"Last-night; when Mr. Petersham."

"Last-night; when Mr. Petersham."



side, said:

"That you, Mr. Quaritch?"

"Joe! Where are you?"

"Here!"

I followed the voice and, parting some branches, saw Joe lying on the ground. His face was gray under its tan, and a smear of blood had dried upon his forehead and cheek.

"You're wounded!" I cried.

"You're wounded!" I cried.

"His? Whose?"

"Itacks."

"Who had been there since Satur
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"I've nothing to confess, voil in vent that story you invented that story

The Sky Man

"THE SKY MAN" is the stery of an American youth who has learned to fly— on not by magic means, but by following a wholly scientific method—and who is cast away on an Arctic ice plain with a glorious New York girl. It is like the best sort of desert island story, only better, and told from an entirely new angle.



Will Begin Next Monday in The Evening World

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL

tin I'd fetcuses
lunk" (Joe always called
"lunk"), "I started back. I was coming along easy, not on the path, but
in the wood about twenty yards to
the south of it, and afore I'd gone
above three or four acres a shot was
ifred at me from above.
"The bullet didn't strike me, but as
I was in a wonderful poor place for
cover—just three or four spruces and
half a dozen sticks of wild raspberry

By Henry Kitchell Webster

tick gave him a starty statue.

"Yes, ain't it?" returned Joe.

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"Wall I know that soft dareal, which you head, Hen Puttick. Lock the combined of the combined

The state of the control of the cont

If you keep them names to yourself, a hundred."

To me back in half an hour and tell you who it was abot 900."

On leaving we went to the living-room, where Petersham and Linda were finishing their supper. On Jord of peers and the peers of the their suppers. The peers were finishing their supper. On Jord of peers and the peers of the their suppers. The peers were finishing their suppers on a sing or a track and as to the fells' jumpfa' from stone to stone, does not a sing or a track and as to the fells' jumpfa' from stone to stone, does not a sing or a track and as to the fells' jumpfa' from stone to stone, does not a sing or a track and as to the fells' jumpfa' from stone to stone, does not a sing or a track and as to the fells' jumpfa' from stone to stone, does not a sing or a track and as to the fells' jumpfa' from stone to stone, does not a sing or a track and as to the fells' jumpfa' from stone to stone, does not a sing or a track and as to the fells' jumpfa' from stone to stone, does not a sing or a track and as to the fells' jumpfa' from stone to stone, does not the fells' jumpfa' from stone to stone, does not stone of the persone of the mean brought there was good chance that the stone of the stone of the persone of the persone of the stone of the persone of the stone of the persone of the